

PR
2262
C9
1919

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
OF HAWTHORNDEN ,,
HIS "CYPRESS GROVE"

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
OF THE SAGE ENDOWMENT
FUND GIVEN IN 1891 BY
HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE

Cornell University Library
PR 2262.C9 1919

A cypress grove,



3 1924 013 120 757

olin



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

A
CYPRESS
G R O V E



A CYPRESS GROVE
BY WILLIAM DRUMMOND
OF HAWTHORNDEN

INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES BY
SAMUEL CLEGG

AT THE HAWTHORNDEN
PRESS , , DEC. MDCCCCXIX

Lo

D

A 6870-7

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—BEN JONSON.

INTRODUCTION.

THE poems of William Drummond are familiar to readers of anthologies and to students alike, and with good reason, for as a Poet his place is high and assured. As a master of the sonnet form he ranks with Sidney, Drayton and Shakespeare ; his prose is less well known.

Drummond was born in 1585 at Hawthornden, his father's house overlooking the Vale of the North Esk.

His is one of a small group of names, ruggedly termed autochthonal but peculiarly pleasant to the ear, whose possessors one likes to think were as lovely and pleasant in their lives.

It includes Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and a few others. As country Scotsmen are so generally known among themselves by their home names Drummond's inclusion in the group is perhaps less remarkable, but with all is associated something of staid constancy, some suggestion of the simple and pardonable pride of home.

Educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, Drummond took his degree of M.A. in 1605. Two years earlier his father and uncle had shared in the exodus of the Scottish Court consequent on the accession of King James to the English Throne, and in 1606 the young collegian visited London.

His father's place and interest at Court served Drummond well. His letters shew with what zest he enjoyed the life of the Town—seeing Court tourneys and masks—coming, too, into touch with some of the great writers of that stupendous time.

His diary gives a list of his reading—including Shakespeare's "Love's Labours Lost," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Montemayor's "Diana," Alexander's "Aurora," Sidney's "Arcadia," and Lyly's "Euphues."

The permanence of the impressions he received at this time is shown in his writings—then and later.

From London Drummond went to Bourges where he stayed for about three years. His reading at this time was largely French, and again of writers who have their reflection in his own writings, *e.g.*, Ronsard and Du Bartas.

In 1609 he was back in Scotland intending to enter the Law, for which he had studied—a purpose frustrated by the death of his father in 1610.

So as laird of Hawthornden, Drummond

—putting aside Courtiership, Arms and Law—entered on the life of the literate Scotch landowner, carefully developing his estates while—as says Bishop Sage—“the most part of his time was spent in reading the best books and conversing with the learnedest men, which he improved to great advantage.” His diary mentions as reading, Petrarch, Tasso, Guarini, Sanazzaro, Spenser, Drayton, Bacon, and Jonson.

In 1612 commenced his long and honourable friendship with Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling—the most considerable Scots poet of the time. Next year Alexander and Drummond published elegies on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales.

In 1616 Drummond published a book of lyric verse, and, in the following year, on the occasion of the visit of King James to Scotland, wrote a panegyrical welcome entitled “Forth Feasting.”

An interesting correspondence with the poet Drayton commenced in 1618, and, what is much more interesting, Ben Jonson visited Hawthornden the same year.

In 1623 appeared “Flowres of Sion,” by William Drummond, of Hawthornden, to which is adjoyned his “Cypresse Grove.”

“A Cypress Grove” is the first of Drummond’s prose works, and the only one published in his life time.

Later works are “The History of Scotland from 1423 to 1542”—published in 1655, and a number of essays, letters and

treatises which did not appear until the publication of Drummond's collected works in 1711, though some were evidently circulated in manuscript when written.

In 1638 Drummond brought to completion his partial re-building of Hawthornden, which had occupied many years. He had built, as says the inscription over the door, "ut honesto otio quiesceret." But dour men in wynd and on moor were sighing "The Covenant" before the mortar of the new Hawthornden was dry, and the following years were filled with fierce civil strife, abhorrent in its sinful stupidity to so retiring and philosophic a spirit as that of Drummond.

His even mind saw both sides of a question. Partisans thought so latitudinarian a person saw too much of the other side and treated him accordingly.

He had, however, his own quiet revenge, for in successive papers—"The Magical Mirror," "A Speech to the Noble Men, Barons and Gentlemen who have leagued themselves for the Defence of the Religion and Liberty of Scotland," "The Loadstar," and "Consideration to the Parliament,"—all written in 1639, he was faithful with both sides, though ineffectually, for the strife rose yet more high.

In 1640 Drummond lost his most esteemed friend Lord Stirling. He wrote a further treatise, "SKIAMACHIA," blaming "new presbyter" and "old priest"

alike, and, for his pains, was still further suspect of both parties.

Through the vicissitudes of the civil wars Drummond's sympathy and active interest were undoubtedly most largely with the King, whose execution he survived less than a year.

He died Dec. 4th, 1649, "to the great grief and loss of all learned and good men," and was buried in Lasswade church, close by his beloved Hawthornden.

.

"A Cypress Grove" is the most considerable of Drummond's prose writings—all the others being political and of comparatively slight interest to-day.

Its faults are evident enough—it is long drawn out and wordy.

But in those spacious times brevity was not a common failing, and in his liking for the phrase Drummond links with Sidney and Raleigh rather than Bacon—though he derives from all three.

To "derive" is perhaps a questionable word to use, for in that great day pens seem to have been dipped in common ink. Possibly Drummond borrowed; probably he had a note book; most writers of the time seem to have had;—Bacon, Webster, Jonson, certainly.

Some of the felicities we feel to be most Drummond's own are—attributable.

Drummond says :—"That is ever terrible which is unknown ; so do little children fear to go in the dark, and their fear is increased with tales."

But Bacon had written :—"Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales—so is the other."

Drummond says :—"Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them but after the goodness ; more compass maketh not a sphere more complete but as round is a little as a large ring ; nor is that musician more praiseworthy who hath longest played, but he in measured accents who hath made sweetest melody."

But in Sylvester's translation of "Memorials of Mortality," by Pierre Mathieu is :—

"Man's not more *happy* for *long*
living here
Number of Days do not more
Blisses bring
More compass makes not a more
complete sphere
As round's a little as a larger
ring."

and in 1597 Lyly had written in "Euphues":
"For as neither he that singeth most or prayeth longest, or ruleth the stern oftenest, but he that doeth it best deserveth greatest praise, so he not that hath most years but many virtues, nor he that grayest hairs but greatest goodness liveth longest. The chief beauty of life consisteth not in the

numbering of many days but in the using of virtuous doings."

One of Drummond's loftiest passages is that beginning: "Heaven, fore knowing imminent harms taketh those which it loveth to itself before they fall forth" . . . which but slightly paraphrases the great sonnet of Pico della Mirandola: "It is a happy thing when Heaven is friendly to us—to die young, to complete one day then is better than to wait until the evening."

It is in the highest degree probable that Drummond knew of Philippe de Mornay whose person and writings were given a like welcome at Elizabeth's Court.

Drummond has "They which have the longest time lent them to live in have almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by that space of time which is past, when they were not or by that which is to come. When thou hast lived to that age thou desirest thou wilt . . . expect more to come," which is almost a repetition of Mornay's "The longest age in comparison of all that is past or all that is to come is nothing; and when thou hast lived to the age thou now desirest all the past will be nothing; thou wilt still gape for that is to come." The "Discours de la vie et de la mort" had been translated by Edward Aggis and by the famous Countess of Pembroke, the latter of whom has "So that it is that not simply to live is a good—but well and happily to live."

And to come to the fountain head of so much that is wise and fine in the writings of that splendid time—Seneca in Epistle 71 says “For to live is not absolutely good but to live well.”

Like references could be multiplied over and over again, but after all there is no patent in a trope. If Drummond takes what he wants from his foregoers he gives rich gifts to those who come after him. If Sidney influenced Drummond, Drummond influenced Brown and Sterne, and so in our later time Stevenson.

Writers of Drummond's temperament lie peculiarly open to the charge of plagiarism. The moderate man is as near one extreme as the other, and thus is the common denominator of opinion and expression.

Drummond was a forerunner of Halifax, and like him might rightly have been dubbed Trimmer. Like Falkland he was “of no faction,” and, a lonely figure amid the clash of arms, ingeminated peace.

Like Montaigne he had the cross-bench type of mind, and in his questioning and tolerance lies his singular modernity.

Drummond's sober appeal to the common experience owes its unwithstandable force to its freedom from violence. His high and serious mind is untroubled in contemplation—as later in the hour and article—of death.

There is no note, however faint, of regret, and always a careful avoidance of the morbid.

His fancy dwells on the releases and reliefs of death, so much so indeed, that in one passage, with sudden apprehension of the danger of his conclusions, he fears he makes it a martyrdom to live.

A Platonist, his clear-eyed speculations and frank reasonings with himself prove how deeply he had drunk of the new-old wine of Renaissance.

His style is as even and measured as his thought. He has none of the crooked splendours of Sir Thomas Browne, though the two writers have not seldom been compared.

Like his philosophy his prose is ordered and placid, save only where lifts and swells the strong tide of Christian hope.

And in his pure serene, as in his lofty courage in the face of fate, we may find heart in the fears, and comfort for the sorrows of this our own day.

S.C.

A Cypress Grove

THOUGH IT HATH BEEN DOUBTED IF THERE BE IN THE SOUL SUCH IMPERIOUS AND SUPER-EXCELLENT POWER, AS THAT IT CAN, BY THE VEHEMENT AND EARNEST WORKING OF IT, DELIVER KNOWLEDGE TO ANOTHER WITHOUT BODILY ORGANS, AND BY ONLY CONCEPTIONS AND IDEAS PRODUCE REAL EFFECTS; YET IT HATH BEEN EVER, AND OF ALL, HELD, AS INFALLIBLE AND MOST CERTAIN, THAT IT OFTEN (EITHER BY OUTWARD INSPIRATION OR SOME SECRET MOTION IN ITSELF) IS AUGUR OF ITS OWN MISFORTUNES, AND HATH SHADOWS OF APPROACHING DANGERS PRESENTED UNTO IT BEFORE THEY FALL FORTH. HENCE SO MANY STRANGE APPARITIONS AND SIGNS, TRUE VIS-

IONS, UNCOUTH HEAVINESS, AND CAUSELESS LANGUISHINGS: OF WHICH TO SEEK A REASON, UNLESS FROM THE SPARKLING OF GOD IN THE SOUL, OR FROM THE GOD-LIKE SPARKLES OF THE SOUL, WERE TO MAKE REASON UNREASONABLE, BY REASONING OF THINGS TRANSCENDING HER REACH.

HAVING, WHEN I HAD GIVEN MYSELF TO REST IN THE QUIET SOLITARINESS OF THE NIGHT, FOUND OFTEN MY IMAGINATION TROUBLED WITH A CONFUSED FEAR, OR SORROW OR HORROR, WHICH, INTERRUPTING SLEEP, DID ASTONISH MY SENSES, AND ROUSE ME, ALL APPALLED AND TRANSPORTED, IN A SUDDEN AGONY AND AMAZEDNESS; OF SUCH AN UNACCUSTOMED PERTURBATION, NOT KNOWING, NOR BEING ABLE TO DIVE INTO

any apparent cause, carried away with the stream of my (then doubting) thoughts, I began to ascribe it to that secret foreknowledge and presaging power of the prophetic mind, and to interpret such an agony to be to the spirit, as a sudden faintness and universal weariness useth to be to the body, a sign of following sickness ; or, as winter lightnings, earthquakes, and monsters prove to commonwealths and great cities, harbingers of wretched events, and emblems of their hidden destinies.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange if whatsoever is human should befall me, knowing how Providence overcometh grief, and discountenances crosses ; and that as we should not despair in evils which may happen us, we should not be too confident, nor too much lean to those goods we enjoy ; I began to turn over in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable mortality, and to forecast every accident which could beget gloomy and sad apprehensions, and with a mask of horror show itself to human eyes. Till in the end (as by unities and points mathematicians are brought to great numbers, and huge great-

ness), after many fantastical glances of the woes of mankind, and those encumbrances which follow upon life, I was brought to think, and with amazement, on the last of human terrors, or, as one termed it, the last of all dreadful and terrible evils—Death. For to easy censure¹ it would appear that the soul, if it can foresee that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus over-grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustomed sorrow ; considering their near union, long familiarity and love, with the great change, pain, and ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of Death.

They had their being together ; parts they are of one reasonable creature ; the harming of the one is the weakening of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses ! They are the gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight. If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute to endure but a few months the want of one, how much more must the being without such noble tools and engines be

plaintfull to the soul ! And if two pilgrims which have wandered some painful few miles together, have an heart's-grief when they are near to part, what must the sorrow be at the parting of two so loving friends and never-loathing lovers as are the body and soul !

Death is the sad estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from their parents, the stealer of parents from the children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows, or fabulous Paladins.¹ All strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned in deformity and rottenness, honour in contempt, glory into baseness : it is the unreasonable breaker-off of all the actions of virtue ; by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures on earth, neither contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It in one moment depriveth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together. By this are successions of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states

orphaned. It is not overcome by pride, smoothed by flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can alter and help anything. By Death we are exiled from this fair city of the world ; it is no more a world unto us, nor we anymore people into it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames, yield a sad prospect to the soul : and how should it consider the wrack of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body, without horror ?

Though it cannot well and altogether be denied but that death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred ; it being a privation of life, and a not being, and every privation being abhorred of nature and evil in itself, the fear of it too being ingenerate¹ universally in all creatures ; yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by only nature resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity, and at the first glance than when well pried into ; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it ; and that the marble colours of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp (with which we ourselves limn it

forth) did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherwise it hath. To aver which conclusion, when I had recollected my over-charged spirits, I began thus with myself.

If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law. But since it is a necessity, from the which never an age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which these which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing availing stubbornness, oppose to so unevitable and necessary a condition. This is the highway of mortality, our general home : behold, what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run ! In so universal a calamity, if Death be one, private complaints cannot be heard ? With so many royal palaces, it is small loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of

a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twinneth¹ forth and again up-windeth our life ?) and hold still Time, to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee ? Thy death is a piece of the order of this *All*, a part of the life of this world ; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this orb of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like a still flowing and ebbing sea, with diverse waves, but the same water,² keepeth a restless and never tiring current. What is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself, doth abide ; *Man* a long line of years hath continued, *this man* every hundredth is swept away. This air-encircled globe is the sole region of Death, the grave, where everything that taketh life must rot, the lists of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it ; which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever many. The never-agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren³ turn one in another : the earth changeth

her countenance with the seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery. Nay, I can not tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies, that mother of months,¹ and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her great nearness unto us) to participate of our alterations, never seeing us twice with that same face, now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes again in the perfection and fulness of her beauty shining over us. Death here no less than life doth act a part ; the taking away of what is old being the making way for what is young. This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes ; the first are washen out, that new may be written in. They which forewent us did leave a room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us ? Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new pilgrims ? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the various wonders of his amazing frame, should we take it to

heart, when he thinketh time to dislodge ? This is his unalterable and unevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume of any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills, whose very willing giveth being to all that it wills ; and adoring the Orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which all-where, and all-ways, are so perfectly established, that who would essay to alter and amend any of them, he should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us they have bestowed upon us, and freely granted ; and what they have not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not too grieve that there was a time in the which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as old as that enlivening planet of time ? For, not to have been a thousand years before this moment, is as much to be deplored, as not to be a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one : that will be

after us which long long ere we were was. Our children's children have that same reason to murmur that they were not young men in our days, which we have, to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they empurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they disclose not their beauty in the spring.

Empires, states, kingdoms, have, by the doom of the supreme providence, their fatal periods ; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust ; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths ; the ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled ; some lights above, deserving to be entitled stars, are loosed and never more seen of us ; the excellent fabric of this universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin ; and poor earthlings thus to be handled complain !

But is this life so great a good that the loss of it should be so dear unto man ? If it be, the meanest creatures of nature thus be happy, for they live no less than he. If it be so great a felicity, how is it esteemed of

man himself at so small a rate, that for so poor gains, nay, one disgraceful word, he will not stand to lose it? What excellency is there in it, for the which he should desire it perpetual, and repine to be at rest, and return to his old Grandmother Dust? Of what moment are the labours and actions of it, that the interruption and leaving-off of them should be to him so distasteful, and with such grudging lamentations received?

Is not the entering into life weakness? the continuing sorrow? In the one he is exposed to all the injuries of the elements, and like a condemned trespasser (as if it were a fault to come to light), no sooner born than fast manacled and bound: in the other he is restlessly, like a ball, tossed in the tennis-court of this world; when he is in the brightest meridian of his glory there needeth nothing to destroy him but to let him fall his own height; a reflex of the sun, a blast of wind, nay, the glance of an eye is sufficient to undo him. How can that be any great matter, of which so small instruments and slender actions are masters?

His body is but a mass of discording humours, composed and elemented by the

conspiring influences of superior lights,¹ which, though agreeing for a trace of time, yet can never be made uniform and kept in a just proportion. To what sickness is it subject unto, beyond those of the other sensible creatures! no part of it being which is not particularly infected and afflicted by some one ; nay, every part with many, yea, so many that the masters of that art can scarce number or name them. So that the life of divers of the meanest creatures of nature hath with great reason by the most wise been preferred to the natural life of man ; and we should rather wonder how so fragile a matter should so long endure, than how so soon dissolve and decay.

Are the actions of the most part of men much differing from the exercise of the spider, that pitcheth toils and is tapist,² to prey on the smaller creatures, and for the weaving of a scornful web eviscerateth itself many days ; which when with much industry finished, a little puff of wind carrieth away both the work and the worker ? Or are they not like the plays of children, or (to hold them at their highest rate) as is a May-game, a masque, or, what is more

earnest, some study at chess ? Every day we rise and lie down, apparel our bodies and disapparel them, make them sepulchres of dead creatures, weary them and refresh them ; which is a circle of idle travails and labours, like Penelope's task, unprofitably renewed. Some time we are in a chase after a fading beauty ; now we seek to enlarge our bounds, increase our treasure, living poorly, to purchase what we must leave to those we shall never see, or, haply, to a fool or a prodigal heir. Raised with the wind of ambition, we court that idle name of honour, not considering how they mounted aloft in the highest ascendant of earthly glory are but tortured ghosts, wandering with golden fetters in glistening prisons, having fear and danger their unseparable executioners, in the midst of multitudes rather guarded than regarded. They whom opaque imaginations, and inward thoughtfulness, have made weary of the world's eye, though they have withdrawn themselves from the course of vulgar affairs, by vain contemplations, curious searches, think their life away, are more disquieted, and live worse than others, their

wit being too sharp to give them a true taste of present infelicities and to aggravate their woes ; while they of a more shallow and blunt conceit have want of knowledge and ignorance of themselves, for a remedy and antidote against all the grievances and encumbrances of life.

What chameleon, what Euripe,¹ what rainbow, what moon doth change so oft as man ? He seemeth not the same person in one and the same day ; what pleaseth him in the morning is in the evening distasteful unto him. Young, he scorneth his childish conceits, and wading deeper in years (for years are a sea, into which he wadeth until he drown) he esteemeth his youth unconstancy, rashness, folly ; old, he beginneth to pity himself, plaining, because he is changed, that the world is changed, like those in a ship, which, when they launch from the shore, are brought to think the shore doth fly from them. He hath no sooner acquired what he did desire, but he beginneth to enter into new cares, and desire what he shall never be able to acquire. When he seemeth freed of evil in his own estate, he grudgeth and vexeth himself at

the happiness and fortunes of others. He is pressed with care for what is present, with grief for what is past, with fear for what is to come, nay, for what will never come ; and as in the eye one tear draweth another after it, so maketh he one sorrow follow upon a former, and every day lay up stuff of grief for the next.

The air, the sea, the fire, the beasts be cruel executioners of man ; yet beasts, fire, sea, and air, are pitiful to man in comparison of man, for more men are destroyed by men, than by them all. What scorns, wrongs, contumelies, imprisonments, torments, poisons, receiveth man of man ! What engines and new works of death are daily found out by man against man ! What laws to thrall his liberty, fantasies and bugbears to infatuate and inveigle his reason ! Amongst the beasts is there any that hath so servile a lot in another's behalf as man ? Yet neither is content, nor he who reineth, nor he who serveth.

The half of our life is spent in sleep ; which hath such a resemblance to death, that often it separates the soul from the body, and teacheth it a sort of being above

it, making it soar beyond the sphere of sensual delights, and attain to knowledge unto which, while the body did awake, it dared scarce aspire. And who would not, rather than remain chained in this loathsome galley of the world, sleep ever (that is, die) having all things at one stay, be free from those vexations, disasters, contempts, indignities, and many many anguishes, unto which this life is envassaled and made thrall ? And, well looked unto, our greatest contentment and happiness here seemeth rather to consist in an absence of misery, than in the enjoying of any great good.

What have the dearest favourites of the world, created to the patterns of the fairest ideas of mortality, to glory in ? Is it greatness ? Who can be great on so small a round as is this earth, and bounded with so short a course of time ? How like is that to castles or imaginary cities raised in the skies by chance-meeting clouds ; or to giants modelled, for a sport, of snow, which at the hotter looks of the sun melt away, and lie drowned in their own moisture ! Such an impetuous vicissitude touzeth¹ the estate of this world. But we have not yet

attained to a perfect understanding of the smallest flower, and why the grass should rather be green than red. The element of fire is quite put out, the air is but water rarefied, the earth is found to move, and is no more the centre of the universe, is turned into a magnet ; stars are not fixed, but swim in the ethereal spaces, comets are mounted above the planets. Some affirm there is another world of men and sensitive creatures, with cities and palaces, in the moon : the sun is lost, for it is but a light made of the conjunction of many shining bodies together, a cleft in the lower heavens, through which the rays of the highest diffuse themselves ; is observed to have spots. Thus sciences, by the diverse motions of this globe of the brain of man, are become opinions, nay, errors, and leave the imagination in a thousand labyrinths. What is all we know, compared with what we know not ? We have not yet agreed about the chief good and felicity. It is perhaps artificial cunning. How many curiosities be framed by the least creatures of nature (who like a wise painter showeth in a small portrait more ingine than in a great) unto which the industry of the

most curious artizans doth not attain ! Is it riches ? What are they, but the idols of fools, the casting out of friends, snares of liberty, bands to such as have them, possessing rather than possessed, metals which nature hath hid (foreseeing the great harms they should occasion), and the only opinion of man hath brought in estimation ? They are like to thorns, which laid on an open hand are easily blown away, and wound the closing and hard-gripping. Prodigals mispend them, wretches mis-keep them : when we have gathered the greatest abundance, we ourselves can enjoy no more of them than so much as belongs to one man. They take not away want, but occasion it : what great and rich men do by others, the meaner and more contented sort do by themselves. Will some talk of our pleasures ? It is not, though in the fables, told out of purpose, that Pleasure, in haste being called up to heaven, to disburthen herself and become more light, did here leave her apparel, which Sorrow (then naked, forsaken, and wandering) finding, did afterwards attire herself with. And if we would say the truth of most of our joys, we must confess them to be but

disguised sorrows : remorse ever ensueth them, and (being the heirs of displeasure) seldom do they appear, except sadness and some wakening grief hath really preceded and forewent them. Will some ladies vaunt of their beauty ? That is but skin-thick, of two senses only known, short even of marble statues and pictures ; not the same to all eyes, dangerous to the beholder, and hurtful to the possessor ; an enemy to chastity, a frame made to delight others more than those which have it, a superficial varnish hiding bones and the brains, things fearful to be looked upon : growth in years doth blast it, or sickness or sorrow preventing them. Our strength, matched with that of the unreasonable creatures, is but weakness. All we can set our eyes upon in these intricate mazes of life is but alchemy, vain perspective, and deceiving shadows, appearing far otherwise afar off, than when enjoyed and looked upon at a near distance. O ! who, if before he had a being he could have knowledge of the manifold miseries of it, would enter this woeful hospital of the world, and accept of life upon such hard conditions ?

If death be good, why should it be feared, and if it be the work of nature, how should it not be good? For nature is an ordinance, disposition, and rule which God hath established in creating this universe, as is the law of a King which can not err. For how should the maker of that ordinance err, sith in him there is no impotency and weakness, by the which he might bring forth what is unperfect, no perverseness of will, of which might proceed any vicious action, no ignorance, by the which he might go wrong in working; being most powerful, most good, most wise, nay, all-wise, all-good, all-powerful? He is the first orderer, and marshalleth every other order; the highest essence, giving essence to all other things; of all causes the cause. He worketh powerfully, bounteously, wisely, and maketh nature (his artificial organ) do the same. How is not death of nature, sith what is naturally generate is subject to corruption, and sith such an harmony, which is life, arising of the mixture of the four elements, which are the ingredients of our bodies, can not ever endure; the contraries of their qualities, as a consuming rust

in the baser metals, being an inward cause of a necessary dissolution ? O of frail and instable things the constant, firm, and eternal order ! For even in their changes they keep ever universal, ancient, and uncorruptible laws.

Again, how can death be evil, sith it is the thaw of all these vanities which the frost of life bindeth together ? If there be a satiety in life, then must there not be a sweetness in death ? Man were an intolerable thing, were he not mortal ; the earth were not ample enough to contain her offspring, if none died. In two or three ages, without death, what an unpleasant and lamentable spectacle were the most flourishing cities ! For, what should there be to be seen in them, save bodies languishing and courbing again unto the earth, pale disfigured faces, skeletons instead of men ? And what to be heard, but the exclamations of the young, complaints of the old, with the pitiful cries of sick and pining persons ? There is almost no infirmity worse than age.

If there be any evil in death, it would appear to be that pain and torment which

we apprehend to arise from the breaking of those strait bands which keep the soul and body together ; which, sith not without great struggling and motion, seemeth to prove itself vehement and most extreme. The senses are the only cause of pain, but before the last trances of death they are so brought under, that they have no, or very little, strength ; and their strength lessening, the strength of pain too must be lessened. How should we doubt but the weakness of sense lesseneth pain, sith we know that weakened and maimed parts which receive not nourishment, are a great deal less sensible than the other parts of the body ; and see that old, strengthless, decrepit persons leave this world almost without pain, as in a sleep ? If bodies of the most sound and wholesome constitution be those which most vehemently feel pain, it must then follow that they of a distempered and crazy constitution have least feeling of pain ; and by this reason, all weak and sick bodies should not much feel pain ; for if they were not distempered and evil complexioned, they would not be sick. That the sight, hearing, taste, smelling, leave

us without pain, and unawares, we are undoubtedly assured ; and why should we not think the same of the feeling ? That by which we are capable of feeling, is the vital spirits animated by the brain, which, in a man in perfect health, by veins and arteries are spread and extended through the whole body, and hence it is that the whole body is capable of pain ; but in dying bodies we see that by pauses and degrees those parts which are furthest removed from the heart become cold, and being deprived of natural heat, all the pain which they feel, is that they do feel no pain. Now, even as, ere the sick be aware, the vital spirits have withdrawn themselves from the whole extension of the body, to succour the heart (like distressed citizens which, finding their walls battered down, fly to the defence of their citadel), so do they abandon the heart without any sensible touch ; as the flame, the oil failing, leaveth the wick, or as the light the air which it doth invest. As to those shrinking motions and convulsions of sinews and members, which appear to witness great pain, let one represent to himself the strings

of a high-tuned lute, which, breaking, retire to their natural windings, or a piece of ice, that without any outward violence cracketh at a thaw : no otherwise do the sinews of the body, finding themselves slack and unbended from the brain, and their wonted labours and motions cease, struggle, and seem to stir themselves, but without either pain or sense. Swooning is a true portrait of death, or rather it is the same, being a cessation from all action, motion, and function of sense and life ; but in swooning there is no pain, but a silent rest, and so deep and sound a sleep, that the natural is nothing in comparison of it. What great pain then can there be in death, which is but a continued swooning, a sweet ignorance of cares, and a never again returning to the works and dolorous felicity of life ? The wise and all-provident Creator hath made death by many signs of pain appear terrible, to the effect, that if man, for relief of miseries and present evils, should have unto it recourse, it being (apparently) a worser, he should rather constantly endure what he knoweth, than have refuge unto that which he feareth and knoweth not.

The terrors of death seem the guardians of life.

Now although death were an extreme pain, sith it comes in an instant, what can it be ? Why should we fear it, for, while we are, it cometh not, and it being come, we are no more ? Nay, though it were most painful, long continuing, and terrible-ugly, why should we fear it, sith fear is a foolish passion but where it may preserve ? But it cannot preserve us from death ; yea, rather fear maketh us to meet with that which we would shun, and banishing the comforts of present contentments, bringeth death more near unto us. That is ever terrible which is unknown ; so do little children fear to go in the dark, and their fear is increased with tales.

But that, perhaps, which auguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious pageant of the world removed from thee in the prime and most delicious season of thy life ; for, though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present fruition of these things be unprofitable and vain, what can a long continuance of them be ? If God had made life happier, he had also

made it longer. Stranger and new Halcyon, why wouldst thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this world, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy years, which are now (), and thou shalt find, that whereas ten have over-lived thee, thousands have not attained this age. One year is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of nature, nay, even one day and night; for more, is but the same brought again. This sun, that moon, these stars, the varying dance of the spring, summer, autumn, winter, is that very same which the golden age did see. They which have the longest time lent them to live in, have almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by that space of time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care whether thy days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with eternity, as a tear is to the ocean? To die young, is to do that soon, and in some fewer days, which once thou must do; it is but the

giving over of a game that (after never so many hazards) must be lost. When thou hast lived to that age thou desirest, or one of Plato's years,¹ so soon as the last of thy days riseth above thy horizon, thou wilt then as now demand longer respite, and expect more to come. The oldest are most unwilling to die. It is hope of long life that maketh life seem short. Who will behold, and with the eyes of judgment behold, the many changes depending on human affairs, with the after-claps of fortune, shall never lament to die young. Who knoweth what alterations and sudden disasters in outward estate, or inward contentments, in this wilderness of the world, might have befallen him who dieth young, if he had lived to be old? Heaven, fore-knowing imminent harms, taketh those which it loveth to itself, before they fall forth. Death in youth is like the leaving a superfluous feast, before the drunken cups be presented and walk about. Pure and (if we may so say) virgin souls carry their bodies with no small agonies, and delight not to remain long in the dregs of human corruption, still burning with a desire to turn back

to the place of their rest ; for this world is their inn, and not their home. That which may fall forth every hour, can not fall out of time. Life is a journey in a dusty way, the furthest rest is death ; in this some go more heavily burthened than others : swift and active pilgrims come to the end of it in the morning, or at noon, which tortoise-paced wretches, clogged with the fragmentary rubbish of this world, scarce with great travel crawl unto at midnight. Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodness : more compass maketh not a sphere more complete, but as round is a little as a large ring ; nor is that musician most praiseworthy who hath longest played, but he in measured accents who hath made sweetest melody ; to live long hath often been a let to live well. Muse not how many years thou might'st have enjoyed life, but how sooner thou might'st have lost it ; neither grudge so much that it is no better, as comfort thyself that it hath been no worse : let it suffice that thou hast lived till this day, and (after the course of this world) not for nought ; thou hast had some smiles of fortune,

favours of the worthiest, some friends, and thou hast never been disfavoured of the heaven.

Though not for life itself, yet that to after worlds thou might'st leave some monument that once thou wast, haply in the clear light of reason it would appear that life were earnestly to be desired : for sith it is denied us to live ever (said one), let us leave some worthy remembrance of our once here being, and draw out this span of life to the greatest length and so far as is possible. O poor ambition ! to what, I pray thee, may'st thou concredit¹ it ? Arches and stately temples, which one age doth raise, doth not another raze ? Tombs and adopted pillars lie buried with those which were in them buried. Hath not avarice defaced what religion did make glorious ? All that the hand of man can uprear, is either overturned by the hand of man, or at length by standing and continuing consumed : as if there were a secret opposition in Fate (the unavoidable decree of the Eternal) to control our industry, and countercheck all our devices and proposing. Possessions are not enduring, children lose

their names, families glorying, like marigolds in the sun, on the highest top of wealth and honour, no better than they which are not yet born, leaving off to be. So doth heaven confound what we endeavour by labour and art to distinguish. That renown by papers,¹ which is thought to make men immortal, and which nearest doth approach the life of those eternal bodies above, how slender it is, the very word of paper doth import; and what is it when obtained, but a flourish of words, which coming times may scorn? How many millions never hear the names of the most famous writers; and amongst them to whom they are known, how few turn over their pages; and of such as do, how many sport at their conceits, taking the verity for a fable, and oft a fable for verity, or (as we do pleasants)² use all for recreation? Then the arising of more famous, doth darken, put down, and turn ignoble the glory of the former, being held as garments worn out of fashion. Now, when thou hast attained what praise thou couldst desire, and thy fame is emblazoned in many stories, never after to be either shadowed or worn out, it is but an

echo, a mere sound, a glow-worm, which, seen afar, casteth some cold beams, but approached is found nothing, an imaginary happiness, whose good depends on the opinion of others. Desert and virtue for the most part want monuments and memory, seldom are recorded in the volumes of admiration, nay, are often branded with infamy, while statues and trophies are erected to those whose names should have been buried in their dust, and folded up in the darkest clouds of oblivion:¹ so do the rank weeds in this garden of the world choke and over-run the sweetest flowers. Applause whilst thou livest, serveth but to make thee that fair mark against which envy and malice direct their arrows, and when thou art wounded, all eyes are turned towards thee (like the sun, which is most gazed on in an eclipse), not for pity or praise, but detraction. At the best, it but resembleth that Syracusan's sphere of crystal, not so fair as frail ; and, born after thy death, it may as well be ascribed to some of those were in the Trojan horse, or to such as are yet to be born an hundred years hereafter, as to thee, who nothing knows,

and art of all unknown. What can it avail thee to be talked of, whilst thou art not? Consider in what bounds our fame is confined, how narrow the lists are of human glory, and the furthest she can stretch her wings. This globe of the earth and water, which seemeth huge to us, in respect of the universe, compared with that wide, wide pavilion of heaven, is less than little, of no sensible quantity, and but as a point: for the horizon, which boundeth our sight, divideth the heavens as in two halves, having always six of the Zodiac signs above, and as many under it, which, if the earth had any quantity compared to it, it could not do. More, if the earth were not as a point, the stars could not still in all parts of it appear to us as of a like greatness; for where the earth raised itself in mountains, we being more near to heaven, they would appear to us of a greater quantity, and where it is humbled in valleys, we being further distant, they would seem unto us less: but the stars in all parts of the earth appearing of a like greatness, and to every part of it the heaven imparting to our sight the half of its inside, we must avouch it to

be but as a point. Well did one compare it to an ant-hill, and men (the inhabitants) to so many pismires and grasshoppers, in the toil and variety of their diversified studies. Now of this small indivisible thing, thus compared, how much is covered with waters ? How much not at all discovered ? how much uninhabited and desert ? and how many millions of millions are they, which share the remnant amongst them, in languages, customs, divine rites differing, and all almost to others unknown ? But let it be granted that glory and fame are some great matter, are the life of the dead, and can reach heaven itself, sith they are oft buried with the honoured, and pass away in so fleet a revolution of time, what great good can they have in them ? How is not glory temporal, if it increase with years and depend on time ? Then imagine me (for what can not imagination reach unto ?) one could be famous in all times to come, and over the whole world present ; yet shall he be for ever obscure and ignoble to those mighty ones, which were only heretofore esteemed famous, amongst the Assyrians, Persians, Romans.

Again, the vain affectation of man is so suppressed, that though his works abide some space, the worker is unknown : the huge Egyptian pyramids, and that grot in Pausilipo,¹ though they have wrestled with time, and worn upon the waste of days, yet are their authors no more known, than it is known by what strange earthquakes and deluges isles were divided from the continent, or hills bursted forth of the valleys. Days, months, and years are swallowed up in the great gulf of time (which puts out the eyes of all their glory), and only a fatal oblivion remains : of so many ages past, we may well figure to ourselves some likely appearances, but can affirm little certainty.

But, my soul, what aileth thee, to be thus backward and astonished at the remembrance of death, sith it doth not reach thee, more than darkness doth those far-shining lamps above ? Rouse thyself for shame ; why shouldst thou fear to be without a body, sith thy Maker, and the spiritual and supercelestial inhabitants have no bodies ? Hast thou ever seen any prisoner, who, when the jail gates were broken up, and he

enfranchised and set loose, would rather plain and sit still on his fetters than seek his freedom ? Or any mariner, who, in the midst of storms arriving near the shore, would launch forth again unto the main, rather than strike sail and joyfully enter the leas of a safe harbour ? If thou rightly know thyself, thou hast but small cause of anguish ; for, if there be any resemblance of that which is infinite in what is finite (which yet by an infinite imperfection is from it distant), if thou be not an image, thou art a shadow of that unsearchable Trinity, in thy three essential powers, Understanding, Will, Memory ; which, though three, are in thee but one, and abiding one, are distinctly three. But in nothing more comest thou near that sovereign Good than by thy perpetuity, which who strive to improve,¹ by that same do it prove : like those that by arguing themselves to be without all reason, by the very arguing show how they have some. For, how can what is wholly mortal more think upon, consider, or know that which is immortal, than the eye can know sounds, or the ear discern of colours ? If none had

eyes, who would ever dispute of light or shadow ? And if all were deaf, who would descant of music ? To thee nothing in this visible world is comparable : thou art so wonderful a beauty, and so beautiful a wonder, that if but once thou couldst be gazed upon by bodily eyes, every heart would be inflamed with thy love, and ravished from all servile baseness and earthly desires. Thy being depends not on matter ; hence by thine understanding dost thou dive into the being of every other thing ; and therein art so pregnant, that nothing by place, similitude, subject, time, is so conjoined, which thou canst not separate ; as what neither is, nor any ways can exist, thou canst feign and give an abstract being unto. Thou seemest a world in thyself, containing heaven, stars, seas, earth, floods, mountains, forests, and all that lives : yet rests thou not satiate with what is in thyself, nor with all in the wide universe (because thou knowest their defects), until thou raise thyself to the contemplation of that first illuminating Intelligence, far above time, and even reaching eternity itself, into which thou art transformed ; for, by receiv-

ing, thou, beyond all other things, art made that which thou receivest. The more thou knowest the more apt thou art to know, not being amazed¹ with any object that excelleth in predominance, as sense by objects sensible. Thy will is uncompellable, resisting force, daunting necessity, despising danger, triumphing over affliction, unmoved by pity, and not constrained by all the toils and disasters of life. What the arts-master of this universe is in governing this universe, thou art in the body ; and as he is wholly in every part of it, so art thou wholly in every part of the body : like unto a mirror, every small parcel of which apart doth represent and do the same, what the whole did entire and together. By thee man is that Hymen of eternal and mortal things, that chain, together binding unbodied and bodily substances, without which the goodly fabric of this world were unperfect. Thou hast not thy beginning from the fecundity, power, nor action of the elemental qualities, being an immediate masterpiece of that great Maker. Hence hast thou the forms and figures of all things imprinted in thee from thy first original.

Thou only at once art capable of contraries ; of the three parts of time thou makest but one ; thou knowest thyself so separate, absolute, and diverse an essence from thy body, that thou disposest of it as it pleaseth thee, for in thee there is no passion so weak which mastereth not the fear of leaving it. Thou shouldst be so far from repining at this separation, that it should be the chief of thy desires ; sith it is the passage and means to attain thy perfection and happiness. Thou art here, but as in an infected and leprous inn, plunged in a flood of humours, oppressed with cares, suppressed with ignorance, defiled and distained¹ with vice, retrograde in the course of virtue ; small things seem here great unto thee, and great things small, folly appeareth wisdom and wisdom folly. Freed of thy fleshly care, thou shalt rightly discern the beauty of thyself and have perfect fruition of that all-sufficient and all-sufficing happiness, which is God Himself : to whom thou owest thy being, to Him thou owest thy well being ; He and happiness are the same. For, if God had not happiness, He were not God, because happiness is the highest and

greatest good : if then God have happiness, it can not be a thing differing from Him, for, if there were anything in Him differing from Him, He should be an essence composed and not simple. More, what is differing in anything, is either an accident or a part of itself : in God happiness can not be an accident, because He is not subject to any accidents ; if it were a part of Him (since the part is before the whole) we should be forced to grant that something was before God. Bedded and bathed in these earthly ordures, thou canst not come near this sovereign Good, nor have any glimpse of the far-off dawning of his unaccessible brightness, no, not so much as the eyes of the birds of the night have of the sun. Think then, by death that thy shell is broken, and thou then but even hatched ; that thou art a pearl, raised from thy mother, to be enchased in gold, and that the deathday of thy body is thy birthday to eternity.

Why shouldst thou be fear-stricken and discomforted for thy parting from this mortal bride, thy body ; sith it is but for a time, and such a time as she shall not care

for, nor feel anything in, nor thou have much need of her; nay, sith thou shalt receive her again more goodly and beautiful than when in her fullest perfection thou enjoyed her; being by her absence made like unto that Indian crystal, which after some revolutions of ages is turned into purest diamond? If the soul be the form of the body, and the form separated from the matter of it can not ever so continue, but is inclined and disposed to be reunited thereinto; what can let and hinder this desire, but that some time it be accomplished, and obtaining the expected end, rejoin itself again unto the body? The soul separate hath a desire, because it hath a will, and knoweth it shall by this reunion receive perfection: too, as the matter is disposed, and inclineth to its form when it is without it, so would it seem that the form should be towards its matter in the absence of it. How is not the soul the form of the body, sith by it it is, sith it is the beginning and cause of all the actions and functions of the body? For though in excellency it pass every other form, yet doth not that excellency take from it the nature of a form.

If the abiding of the soul from the body be violent, then can it not be everlasting, but have a regress. How is not such an estate of being and abiding not violent to the soul, if it be natural to it to be in its matter, and, separate, after a strange manner, many of the powers and faculties of it, which never leave it, are not duly exercised? This union seemeth not above the horizon of natural reason, far less impossible to be done by God; and though reason can not evidently here demonstrate, yet hath she a misty and groping notice. If the body shall not arise, how can the only and sovereign Good be perfectly and infinitely good? For, how shall He be just, nay, have so much justice as man, if He suffer the evil and vicious to have a more prosperous and happy life than the followers of religion and virtue, which ordinarily useth to fall forth in this life? For the most wicked are Lords and Gods of this earth, sleeping in the lee port of honour, as if the spacious habitation of the world had been made only for them; and the virtuous and good are but forlorn castaways, floating in the surges of distress, seeming here either of the eye

of Providence not pitied or not regarded ; being subject to all dishonours, wrongs, wracks ; in their best estate passing away their days, like the daisies in the field, in silence and contempt. Sith then He is most good, most just, of necessity there must be appointed by Him another time and place of retribution, in the which there shall be a reward for living well, and a punishment for doing evil, with a life whereinto both shall receive their due, and not only in their souls divested ; for, sith both the parts of man did act a part in the right or wrong, it carrieth great reason with it that they both (entire man) be arraigned before that high justice, to receive their own : Man is not a soul only, but a soul and body, to which either guerdon or punishment is due. This seemeth to be the voice of nature in almost all the religions of the world ; this is that general testimony, charactered in the minds of the most barbarous and savage people ; for all have had some roving guesses at ages to come, and a glow-worm light of another life, all appealing to one general judgment throne. To what else could serve so many expiations,

sacrifices, prayers, solemnities, and mystical ceremonies? To what such sumptuous temples, and care of the dead? To what all religion, if not to show that they expected a more excellent manner of being, after the navigation of this life did take an end? And who doth deny it, must deny that there is a Providence; a God; confess that his worship, and all study and reason of virtue are vain; and not believe that there is a world, are creatures, and that he himself is not what he is.

But it is not of death, perhaps, that we complain, but of time, under the fatal shadow of whose wings all things decay and wither. This is that tyrant, which, executing against us his diamantine laws, altereth the harmonious constitution of our bodies, benumbing the organs of our knowledge, turneth our best senses senseless, makes us loathsome to others, and a burthen to ourselves; of which evils death relieveth us. So that, if we could be transported (O happy colony!) to a place exempted from the laws and conditions of time, where neither change, motion, nor other affection of material and corruptible things were, but

an immortal, unchangeable, impassible, all-sufficient, kind of life, it were the last of things wishable, the term and centre of all our desires. Death maketh this transplantation ; for the last instant of corruption, or leaving-off of anything to be what it was, is the first of generation, or being of that which succeedeth. Death then, being the end of this miserable transitory life, of necessity must be the beginning of that other all excellent and eternal : and so causelessly of a virtuous soul it is either feared or complained on.

As those images were limned in my mind (the morning star now almost arising in the east) I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calm ; and not long after, my senses one by one forgetting their uses, began to give themselves over to rest, leaving me in a still and peaceable sleep ; if sleep it may be called, where the mind awaking is carried with free wings from out fleshly bondage. For heavy lids had not long covered their lights, when methought, nay, sure I was, where I might discern all in this great All ; the large compass of the rolling circles, the brightness and continual motion of those

rubies of the night, which, by their distance, here below can not be perceived ; the silver countenance of the wandering moon, shining by another's light ; the hanging of the earth, as environed with a girdle of crystal ; the sun enthronized in the midst of the planets, eye of the heavens, gem of this precious ring the world. But whilst with wonder and amazement I gazed on those celestial splendours, and the beaming lamps of that glorious temple (like a poor countryman brought from his solitary mountains and flocks, to behold the magnificence of some great city), there was presented to my sight a man, as in the spring of his years, with that self-same grace, comely feature, majestic look, which the late——¹ was wont to have : on whom I had no sooner fixed mine eyes, when, like one planet-strucken, I became amazed : but he, with a mild demeanour, and voice surpassing all human sweetness, appeared, methought, to say :

What is it doth thus pain and perplex thee ? Is it the remembrance of death, the last period of wretchedness, and entry to these happy places ; the lantern which

lighteneth men to see the mystery of the blessedness of spirits, and that glory which transcendeth the curtain of things visible ? Is thy fortune below on that dark globe (which scarce by the smallness of it appeareth here) so great, that thou art heart-broken and dejected to leave it ? What if thou wert to leave behind thee a—so glorious in the eye of the world (yet but a mote of dust encircled with a pond) as that of mine, so loving—, such great hopes ? these had been apparent occasions of lamenting, and but apparent. Dost thou think thou leavest life too soon ? Death is best young ; things fair and excellent are not of long endurance upon earth. Who liveth well, liveth long : souls most beloved of their Maker are soonest relieved from the bleeding cares of life, and with almost a spherical swiftness wafted through the surges of human miseries. Opinion (that great enchantress and peiser of things, not as they are, but as they seem) hath not in anything more than in the conceit of death abused man ; who must not measure himself, and esteem his estate, after his earthly being, which is but as a dream : for, though he be born on the

earth, he is not born for the earth, more than the embryo for the mother's womb. It plaineth to be relieved of its bands, and and to come to the light of this world, and and man waileth to be loosed from the chains with which he is fettered in that valley of vanities : it nothing knoweth whither it is to go, nor ought of the beauty of the visible works of God, neither doth man of the magnificence of the intellectual world above, unto which (as by a midwife) he is directed by death. Fools, which think that this fair, and admirable frame, so variously disposed, so rightly marshalled, so strongly maintained, enriched with so many excellencies, not only for necessity, but for ornament and delight, was by that Supreme Wisdom brought forth, that all things in a circulary course should be and not be, arise and dissolve, and thus continue, as if they were so many shadows carelessly cast out and caused by the encountering of those superior celestial bodies, changing only their fashion and shape, or fantastical imageries, or shades of faces into crystal. But more they, which believe that He doth no otherwise regard this His work than as a theatre,

raised for bloody sword-players, wrestlers, chasers of timorous and combatters of terrible beasts, delighting in the daily torments, sorrows, distress and misery of mankind. No, no, the eternal Wisdom created man an excellent creature, though he fain would unmake himself and return into nothing ; and though he seek his felicity among the reasonless wights, He hath fixed it above. He brought him into this world as a master to a sumptuous, well-ordered, and furnished inn, a prince to a populous and rich empery, a pilgrim and spectator to a stage full of delightful wonders and wonderful delights. And as some emperor or great monarch, when he hath raised any stately city, the work being achieved, 'is wont to set his image in the midst of it, to be admired and gazed upon ; no otherwise did the sovereign of this world, the fabric of it perfected, place man, (a great miracle) formed to His own pattern, in the midst of this spacious and admirable city, by the divine splendour of his reason to be an interpreter and trunchman¹ of His creation, and admired and revered by all His other creatures. God containeth all

in Him, as the beginning of all ; Man containeth all in him, as the midst of all ; inferior things be in man more nobly than they exist, superior things more meanly ; celestial things favour him, earthly things are vassaled unto him, he is the knot and band of both ; neither is it possible but that both of them have peace with man, if man have peace with Him who made the covenant between them and him. He was made that he might in the glass of the world behold the infinite goodness, power, magnificence, and glory of his Maker, and beholding know, and knowing love, and loving enjoy, and to hold the earth of Him as of his Lord paramount, never ceasing to remember and praise Him. It exceedeth the compass of conceit, to think that that wisdom which made everything so orderly in the parts, should make a confusion in the whole, and the chief masterpiece ; how bringeth forth so many excellencies for man, it should bring forth man for baseness and misery. And no less strange were it that so long life should be given to trees, beasts, and the birds of the air, creatures inferior to man, which have less use of it, and which

cannot judge of this goodly fabric, and that it should be denied to man ; unless there were another manner of living prepared for him, in a place more noble and excellent.

But, alas ! said I, had it not been better that for the good of his country a——,¹ endowed with so many peerless gifts, had yet lived upon earth ? How long will ye, replied he, like the ants, think there are no fairer palaces than their hills ; or like to purblind moles, no greater light than that little which they shun ? As if the master of a camp knew when to remove a sentinel, and He who placeth man on the earth knew not how long He had need of him ? Life is a government and office, wherein man is so long continued as it pleaseth the installer ; of the administration and charge of which, and what hath passed during the time of his residence, he must render an account, so soon as his term expireth, and he hath made room for others. As men's bodies differ in stature, which none can make more long or short after their desire, so do they vary in that length of time which is appointed for them to live upon the earth. That Providence which prescribeth causes

to every event, hath not only determined a definite and certain number of days, but of actions, to all men, which they cannot go beyond.

Most — then, answered I, death is not such an evil and pain as it is of the vulgar esteemed. Death, said he, nor painful is nor evil, except in contemplation of the cause, being of itself as indifferent as birth ; yet can it not be denied, but amidst those dreams of earthly pleasures, the uncouthness of it, with the wrong apprehension of what is unknown in it, are noisome : but the soul sustained by its Maker, resolved, and calmly retired in itself, doth find that death (sith it is in a moment of time) is but a short, nay, sweet sigh ; and is not worthy the remembrance, compared with the smallest dram of the infinite felicity of this place. Here is the palace royal of the Almighty King, in which the uncomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth Himself ; in place highest, in substance not subject to any corruption or change, for it is above all motion, and solid turneth not ; in quantity greatest, for if one star, one sphere, be so vast, how large, how huge in

exceeding dimensions must those bounds be which do them all contain ! In quality most pure and orient, heaven here is all but a sun, or the sun all but a heaven. If to earthlings the footstool of God, and that stage which He raised for a small course of time, seemeth so glorious and magnificent, how highly would they prize (if they could see) His eternal habitation and throne ! And if these be so dazzling, what is the sight of Him, for whom and by whom all was created ; of whose glory to behold the thousand thousand part, the most pure intelligences are fully satiate, and with wonder and delight rest amazed ; for the beauty of His light and the light of His beauty are uncomprehensible. Here doth that earnest appetite of the understanding content itself, not seeking to know any more ; for it seeth before it, in the vision of the divine essence (a mirror in the which not images or shadows, but the true and perfect essence of every thing created, is more clear and conspicuous than in itself), all that is known or understood : and whereas on earth our senses show us the Creator by His creatures, here we see the

creatures by the Creator. Here doth the will pause itself, as in the centre of its eternal rest, glowing with a fervent affection of that infinite and all-sufficient Good ; which, being fully known, cannot (for the infinite motives and causes of love which are in Him) but be fully and perfectly loved : as He is only true and essential bounty, so is He only essential and true beauty, deserving alone all love and admiration, by which the creatures are only in so much fair and excellent, as they participate of his beauty and excelling excellencies. Here is a blessed company, every one joying as much in another's felicity, as in that which is proper, because each seeth another equally loved of God : thus their distinct joys are no fewer than the copartners of the joy ; and as the assembly is in number answerable to the large capacity of the place, so are the joys answerable to the numberless number of the assembly. No poor and pitiful mortal, confined on the globe of earth, who hath never seen but sorrow, or interchangeably some painted superficial pleasures, and had but guesses of contentment, can rightly think on, or be sufficient to conceive, the

termless delights of this place. So many feathers move not on birds, so many birds dint not the air, so many leaves tremble not on trees, so many trees grow not in the solitary forests, so many waves turn not in the ocean, and so many grains of sand limit not those waves as this triumphant court hath variety of delights, and joys exempted from all comparison. Happiness at once here is fully known and fully enjoyed, and as infinite in continuance as extent. Here is flourishing and never-fading youth without age, strength without weakness, beauty never blasting, knowledge without learning, abundance without loathing, peace without disturbance, participation without envy, rest without labour, light without rising or setting sun, perpetuity without moments ; for time (which is the measure of motion) did never enter in this shining eternity. Ambition, disdain, malice, difference of opinions, cannot approach this place, resembling those foggy mists which cover those lists of sublunary things. All pleasure, paragoned with what is here, is pain, all mirth mourning, all beauty deformity : here one day's abiding is above the continuing

in the most fortunate estate on the earth many years, and sufficient to countervail the extremest torments of life. But, although this bliss of souls be great, and their joys many, yet shall they admit addition, and be more full and perfect, at that long wished and general reunion with their bodies.

Amongst all the wonders of the great Creator, not one appeareth to be more wonderful, nor more dazzle the eye of reason, replied I, than that our bodies should arise, having suffered so many changes, and nature denying a return from privation to a habit.

Such power, said he, being above all that that the understanding of man can conceive, may well work such wonders ; for, if man's understanding could comprehend all the secrets and counsels of that eternal Majesty, it would of necessity be equal unto it. The Author of nature is not thrall'd to the laws of nature, but worketh with them, or contrary to them, as it pleaseth Him ; what He hath a will to do, He hath power to perform. To that power which brought all this round All from nought, to bring again in one

instant any substance which ever was into it, unto what it was once, should not be thought impossible ; for, who can do more, can do less ; and His power is no less, after that which was by Him brought forth is decayed and vanished, than it was before it was produced ; being neither restrained to certain limits or instruments, or to any determinate and definite manner of working : where the power is without restraint, the work admitteth no other limits than the worker's will. This world is as a cabinet to God, in which the small things (however to us hid and secret) are nothing less kept than the great. For, as He was wise and powerful to create, so doth His knowledge comprehend His own creation ; yea, every change and variety in it, of which it is the very source. Not any atom of the scattered dust of mankind, though daily flowing under new forms, is to Him unknown ; and His knowledge doth distinguish and discern what once His power shall awake and raise up. Why may nor the arts-master of the world, like a moulder, what he hath framed in divers shapes, confound in one mass, and then severally fashion them again out of the

same ? Can the spagyric¹ by his art restore for a space to the dry and withered rose the natural purple and blush ; and cannot the Almighty raise and refine the body of man, after never so many alterations in the earth ? Reason herself finds it more possible for infinite power to cast out from itself a finite world, and restore anything in it, though decayed and dissolved, to what it was first ; than for man, a finite piece of reasonable misery, to change the form of matter made to his hand : the power of God never brought forth all it can, for then were it bounded, and no more infinite. That time doth approach (O haste ye times away !) in which the dead shall live, and the living be changed, and of all actions the guerdon is at hand : then shall there be an end without an end, time shall finish, and place shall be altered, motion yielding unto rest, and another world of an age eternal and unchangeable shall arise. Which when he had said, methought, he vanished, and I all astonished did awake.

NOTES.

Page

- 21—1 easy censure evidently
- 22—1 Paladins The Knights of Charlemagne,
1711 edition—"age-worn stories."
- 23—1 ingenerate engendered
- 25—1 twinneth spins
- „—2 the same water ... The Platonic philosophy.
cf. Wordsworth : Duddon, Afterthought
" Still glides the stream and shall for
ever glide,
The form remains, the function
never dies."
- „—3 elemental brethren ... earth, air, fire, water
- 26—1 mother of months ... the moon
- 30—1 superior lights ... sun, moon, and planets
- „—2 tapist in ambush
- 32—1 Euripe The stormy strait between Bœotia and
Eubœa
- 34—1 touzeth... .. disturbs
- 45—1 Plato's year the time taken in a complete precession
of the equinoxes, about 25,000 years
- 47—1 concredit entrust
- 48—1 by papers in writing or books
- „—2 pleasants humorists—"They bestow their silver on
courtesans pleasants and flatterers."
—Philn. Hollaud, "Plutarch."
- 49—1 ohlivion cf. Sir Thomas Browne, "Hydriotaphia"
" But the iniquity of oblivion blindly
scattereth her poppy and deals with
the memory of man without distinc-
tion to merit of perpetuity"

Page			
52—1	Pansilipo	near Naples—one of the sights seen by the travelled Englishman of the time
53—1	improve	disprove
55—1	amazed	or amated, stupefied—overcome
56—1	distained	stained
63—1	———	Drummond's first published work was an elegy on the death of Henry Prince of Wales, who died in 1612, and in whose grave were buried the best hopes of the Stuarts. "A Cypress Grove" is a prose elegy on dead youth, but here makes allusion to the national loss which probably called it forth
64—1	———	Princedom
„—2	———	subjects
„—3	peiser	weigher
66—1	trunchman	proxy—representative
68—1	———	prince
75—1	Spagyric	the art of the alchemist



*The Portrait—facing title—of Drummond
is Finlayson's engraving 1766.*

ONE THOUSAND COPIES OF THIS
EDITION of WILLIAM DRUMMOND
OF HAWTHORNDEN—HIS CYPRESS
GROVE, WERE PRINTED BY
CHARLES R. BUTLER FOR THE
HAWTHORNDEN PRESS AND
PUBLISHED BY CHAS. J. SAWYER
AT 23 NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON
DECEMBER, MDCCCCXIX.

This copy is
Number. *885*

